

WATERCOLOR WEEKENDS

My brother found this secret place
he calls his spirit home
where recumbent clouds rest.
High in the covert hills,
this glacial gouge is full
of clearest quartz pressed to liquid,
leftover tints and tones swimming--
sometimes rainbows jumping rainbows.

Staring at pooled sky, I can believe
the monster ice once passing through
so tall and jagged, reached up to snag
a patch of azure, a swatch of fluff
for a tail, and pulled it for miles
like a kite--then spread it under glass
to keep, the blue so intense it seeped
and stained the grass the first warm May.

By night, the captive cloud's kin
come calling on this mezzanine of land
and lake till time to board the right wind
aloft or morning's rapid transit sunshafts.

But sometimes, like my brother's guest,
they loll against cedar and pine,
settle down in tent and lean-to,
even firepit--and hang around for days.

--Glenna Holloway